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FAUQUIER  
SULPHUR SPRINGS.  
1839.

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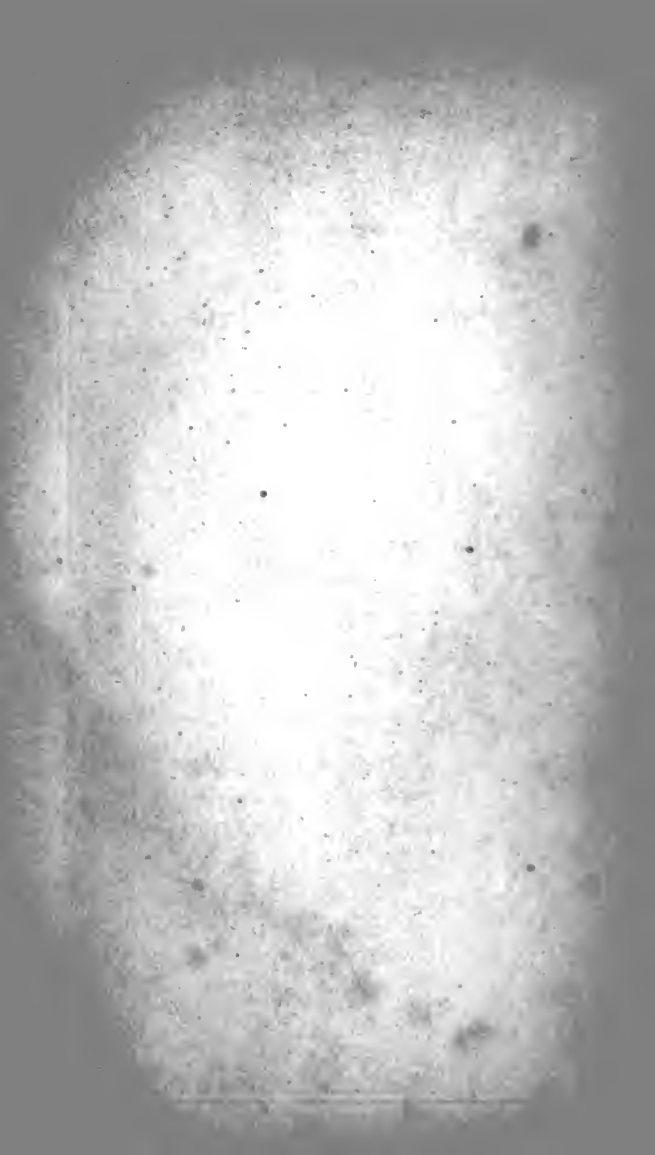


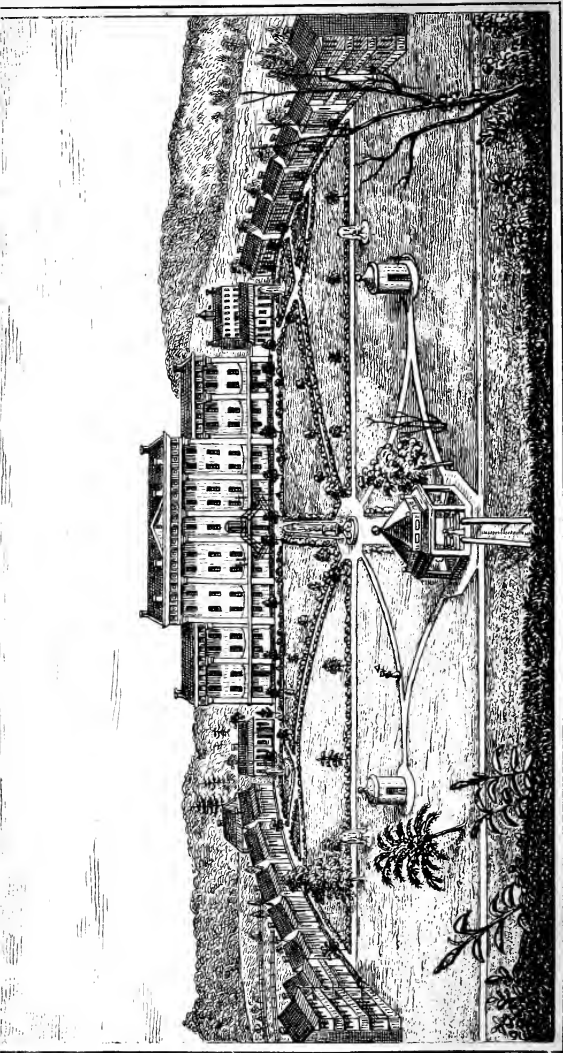












FAUQUIER SPRINGS FAUQUIER COUNTY VA:

WEST VIEW

# SIX WEEKS IN FAUQUIER.

BEING

THE SUBSTANCE OF A SERIES OF FAMILIAR LETTERS,

ILLUSTRATING THE

SCENERY, LOCALITIES, MEDICINAL VIRTUES,  
AND GENERAL CHARACTERISTICS

OF THE

WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS,

AT WARRENTON, FAUQUIER COUNTY, VIRGINIA;

Written in 1838, to a gentleman in New England ;

BY A VISITER.

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Qui n'a santé n'a rien.—*French proverb.*

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NEW-YORK :

PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL COLMAN,

NO. 8 ASTOR HOUSE.

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1839.

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## CONTENTS.

INTRODUCTION . . . . .	PAGE 5
CHAPTER I. The journey hither—The medicinal qualities of the Springs—The place described . . . . .	11
CHAPTER II. Internal Economy of the place—The Virginia Character—Anti-slavery movements—Scenery, &c. . . . .	21
CHAPTER III. The Springs filling—More visitors—An invita- tion—Mr. Leigh's Letter—Mr. James's Letter . . . . .	31
CHAPTER IV. The Regimen at Fauquier.—Another case. . . . .	40
CHAPTER V. Abolitionism at the North—Slavery at the South . . . . .	49
CHAPTER VI. Still more new comers.—The scenes around Fauquier—Speculations—Another Certificate . . . . .	57
APPENDIX . . . . .	65

THE  
OFFICE OF THE  
TREASURER  
OF THE  
UNITED STATES  
DEPARTMENT OF THE  
INTERIOR  
WASHINGTON, D. C.  
JANUARY 1, 1900  
TO THE  
COMMISSIONER OF THE  
LAND OFFICE  
WASHINGTON, D. C.  
SIR:  
I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 28th inst. in relation to the above subject.  
Very respectfully,  
J. M. [Signature]

## INTRODUCTION.

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AMONG the numerous watering places now open to the public in different sections of the country, none probably, are so much esteemed and so generally visited, for health and pleasure, as those of Virginia. Saratoga Springs, from the very facility, and comparatively small expense, at which they can be visited, are no longer the same fashionable summer resorts they were wont to be. The trip from the commercial metropolis to those springs, being made in a day, and at a cost not exceeding five dollars, they are resorted to by every would-be fashionable, by every class, colour, and

condition in the State. The fair daughters of the millionaire are not unfrequently vexed and mortified to find themselves rivalled, if not eclipsed, in the ball-room, by the blooming misses who lean on the arm of one with no prouder title than papa's tailor, or boot-maker. Oh, what a volatile, capricious, and flighty creature is Mistress Fashion! She changes her residence as often, and as readily, as the shape and colour of her garments! Her sway may be universal, and her command absolute, but the wind is not more variable, nor the dew of the morning more evanescent. Hence, places and things once visited, admired and run after, by the devotees of pleasure and caprice, losing their novelty, cease to be attractive, and soon become "flat, stale, and unprofitable," to the visiter.

What crowds have hitherto resorted to the White Sulphur and other springs in Greenbriar County, Virginia! With what anxious hopes, what joyous anticipations, has the invalid left



the endearments of home, and the society of kindred to wend his way, perhaps, "solitary and alone," beyond the Blue Ridge and Alleghany Mountains, to the salubrious and delightful valley of thermal waters ! The journey thither, is not only a long and wearisome one, but to those unaccustomed to mountain travel, it appears, as it sometimes really is, even dangerous. The valley roads, for the most part, in those regions, are exceedingly rough. The stage coaches, though excellent, are few in number. An extra stage coach, in the summer season, is of difficult procurement, and the invalid, who may stop on the road from relapse, or other cause, expecting to continue his journey on the day following, may be obliged to remain several days before a seat can be obtained. The taverns, unfortunately, offer but to a very limited extent, those home-like comforts, ease, seclusion, and sweet repose, always so acceptable to the traveller. Still, wherever you stop on your route through the

Old Dominion, you will be sure of receiving that cordial reception, and kind treatment, which the Virginian so well knows how to bestow. His accommodations for the public, such as they are, will be tendered accompanied with the sincerest desire to render you comfortable. That these things are peculiar to the taverns, roads, stages, &c., by what route soever you may approach the White Sulphur Springs, will be readily admitted by all who have travelled in that direction.

It is a subject of sincere congratulation, that a sulphur spring, of corresponding medicinal virtues with those of the White Sulphur Spring, of Greenbriar, has been discovered, and is now open to the public, *within three days of easy and comfortable travel from Boston*. Six years only have elapsed, since this beautiful and verdant valley, through which these limpid waters are oozing, was a dense and unbroken forest ! The changes and improvements that have been made at this place, as if by magic, during this

time, will be alluded to more particularly in the course of the little volume which is now presented to the patronage of the public.

*Norfolk Place, Fauquier.*

There is a great deal of  
 of the same kind of  
 of the same kind of  
 of the same kind of

## SIX WEEKS AT THE SPRINGS.

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### CHAPTER I.

The journey hither—The medicinal qualities of the Springs—  
The place described.

THE traveller from the north having arrived at Washington, D. C., takes the stage at five, A. M., and proceeding in a south-westerly direction, enters Virginia—passing through Fairfax and Prince William counties, into Fauquier county, and arrives at the *Fauquier White Sulphur Springs*, fifty-six miles from Washington, at about three o'clock, P. M.

He will find nothing of particular interest on the road from the metropolis to these Springs. He passes, however, several extensive and well cultivated farms; fine herds of cattle,

browsing in the pastures, while rich fields of corn, rye, and wheat, are seen extending, at times, from the road-side, and covering hill and dale, as far as the eye can reach. That, however, which affords the most delight, in the way of scenery, is a view, as he ascends a hill near Centreville, of the Blue Ridge Mountains, the lofty and spiry peaks of which, far in the distance, give a picturesque and beautiful effect to the landscape.

The medicinal quality of the Sulphur Springs at this place were known and highly appreciated, long before they were open to the public. While the virtues of the waters remained in comparative obscurity, the resort of those living in the neighbourhood caused such an interruption to the farming operations of the proprietor, as induced him, after every other endeavour to keep out crowds of visitors had failed, *to fill up the spring*. But so clearly had its value been established, by the comparatively partial trial of its virtues, that the estate was purchased by Hancock Lee, Esq., one of the present stockholders, with a view of making it a place of public resort. As the waters are

becoming more and more celebrated each year, for their health-restoring qualities, more extended operations, and a greater outlay of capital will soon be necessary, to accommodate the visitors who throng thither. Hundreds were turned away during the last year, [1837,] for want of accommodations ; and such was the crowd at that time, that five gentlemen who insisted on stopping, willingly made their “downy beds” on a billiard table !

These valuable waters and grounds are now owned by an incorporated company, under the title of the “Fauquier White Sulphur Spring.” The real estate which, with the improvements and personal property, constitute the principal stock of the company, consists of about two thousand nine hundred and thirty-four acres of land, divided by the Rappahannock river into two parts, of about one thousand seven hundred and fifty acres on one side of the river, and about one thousand one hundred and eighty-four acres on the other. Nearly one fourth of the whole are alluvial, low grounds, on the river and its tributaries. The whole land was, originally, of fine quality, though the

upland had been a good deal worn by a long course of bad husbandry, before it came into the hands of its present proprietors. The alluvial land, however, is very productive, and may be improved to a higher degree of fertility.

The Fauquier White Sulphur Spring establishment consists of an elegant brick Pavilion, which, including the wings, is one hundred and eighty-eight feet in length by forty-four feet in width. It is four stories high. In the basement story is the dining room—one hundred and forty-four by thirty, and capable of accommodating four hundred persons. The kitchen and servants' hall are on the same floor. The second story comprises a ball-room, one hundred feet by forty—ladies' drawing-room, reading-room, office, &c. The two upper stories contain about seventy lodging-rooms. Across the street, and directly opposite the Pavilion, stands what is called the "new building;" which is also built of brick, four stories high, one hundred and five feet long, and thirty wide. This building contains about seventy lodging-rooms. There are, also, about ninety cabins, or rooms, separate and distinct



from the Pavilion and new building, together with very large and recently erected stables and sheds, capable of accommodating a very great number of horses and carriages. Those visitors, who, from ill health, or other causes, desire the quiet and comfort of their own homes, added to the healthful and balmy breeze that steals through the valley, obtain one of the neat cabins, which, being arranged on the northern and southern sides of the square, and amid the serpentine and shady walks and playing fountains, contribute much towards making a somewhat distant south-east view of the premises picturesque, and beautiful.

The first impressions of the stranger on arriving here, especially if it be his first visit to a watering place in Virginia, cannot be otherwise than agreeable. The friendly shake of the hand, the true Virginia welcome—"right hearty" and sincere—which he receives from the principal manager, will cause him to feel that he is not a stranger in a strange land, but among those who are ready to participate and enjoy, in common with himself, all the

comforts, pleasures and recreations of the valley of Fauquier. His name being entered at the office, and himself comfortably bestowed in one of the cosey rooms of Norfolk Place, or thereabouts, the visiter will be delighted, as he saunters about the premises, with the novelty, beauty, neatness, and regard to comfort, so apparent every where in the exterior arrangements. The elegant Pavilion, its spacious piazza and beautiful columns; the rows of neat one story brick cabins, with their shady coverings; the grounds, too, so tastefully arranged, the green lawns, sequestered shades, broad walks, neat summer-houses and cool fountains these, and more than these;

“The common air, the earth, the skies,  
To him seem opening Paradise.”

The Sulphur Spring, surmounted by a tasteful octagonal pavilion, and supplied with seats, is situated in a verdant valley, about one hundred and fifty yards from the dining hall. It is mostly visited at morning and evening, when it not unfrequently presents a scene of beauty, cheerfulness, and rational mirth, mingled with

entertainment and instruction. According to analysis,\* the water is impregnated with sulphate of magnesia, phosphate of soda, and sulphurated hydrogen.

The temperature of the water is fifty-six degrees Fahrenheit, or ten and a half degrees Reaumur. It has a strong sulphuric smell, and the *taste* being not unlike the odour arising from the yolk of a hard boiled egg is not, perhaps, at first very agreeable to the palate of a *gourmande*. With some reluctance and, possibly, a few wry faces, two or three glasses may be drunk during the first day. This disagreeable taste, however, is soon changed to the most impatient longings; and even a strong *appetite* for the water, till anon, five or six tumblers-full before breakfast, or twenty glasses during the day are not considered an immoderate dose. Having drunk freely of the water for about ten days, the system, if formerly considerably impaired, becomes sensibly renovated. The

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\* An imperfect analysis. A careful one is about to be prepared, under the direction of the proprietors.

water operates purgatively and diuretically ; the cuticular pores being opened, perspiration (especially if the mercury stands at ninety degrees) flows easily and copiously. Report saith, that any gentleman having used the spring for three weeks, can, by rubbing his nose against a stone wall, immediately light his cigar thereat ; or any lady or pretty miss, having staid the same time, can light her candle by the action of her fore-finger on a pine table, so fully impregnated with sulphur does the free drinker of these waters in a short time become ! But this may be scandal.

It is said, and, perhaps, correctly, that the waters of Fauquier are not as strong (*the component parts being the same*) as those in Greenbriar county. Consequently, they may not act so soon or so powerfully on the system as the latter. But compared, in other respects, with those waters, the Fauquier Springs are in deservedly high repute as an alterative, and the more *gradual* cure they generally effect. Indeed, they are considered by many to be for the invalid, the most desirable, safe, and efficacious mineral waters in the state. This opi

nion is corroborated by many well attested cases of their remedial and curative qualities. They have arrested alarming symptoms of lingering disease, and eradicated the most inveterate ills to which flesh is heir. The testimony of more than one individual who has received signal and lasting benefit from a visit to Fauquier, might easily be cited here, but one must suffice.

The Hon. B. Watkins Leigh, late United States Senator, from Virginia, having undergone the operation of *Para Cetesio*, for *dropsy*, arrived at Fauquier, on the 16th April, 1838. This gentleman was so much debilitated at that time, as to require the aid of two persons to take him from his carriage into the house. For several days after his arrival, he was quite ill: he drank the waters freely, but prudently—took moderate exercise, and, as his health improved, occasionally visited those of his friends that lived in the neighbourhood. *At the expiration of a month*, he returned to Richmond, so far recovered from his complaint as to be able to attend to his professional business. A letter

from Mr. Leigh, addressed to Jones Green, Esq., contains the following passage:

*Richmond, June 7, 1838.*

“The dropsical symptoms which had so visibly decreased during my stay at the Fauquier Springs, and which were still passing off when I came away, have been continually declining, ever since I got home, and have now almost entirely disappeared. There are no remains of them but a little swelling of the ancles at night.”

## CHAPTER II.

Internal Economy of the place.—The Virginia Character.—  
Anti-Slavery movements—Scenery, &c.

THE terms of boarding at Fauquier are, per day, \$2 00—children and servants half price : per week \$10; per month, \$35; for two months, \$65; for the whole season, (about three months,) \$80.

The dimensions of the cabins are about fifteen feet square, and eight feet in height. As each cabin has a fire-place, a door and window in front and in the rear, they are easily ventilated, or rendered otherwise comfortable.

There are a large number of double cabins, so called, which, as access is had from one apartment to the other by means of a door in the partition wall, are very convenient and desirable for families or invalids, for whom they are more especially intended and reserved.

The breakfast hour is half past seven o'clock—dinner two o'clock—tea half past seven o'clock. The first bell rings half an hour previous to each meal.

It is only necessary to state, with reference to the quality and number of dishes, etc., provided for the table, that the caterer and supervisor of this department, is Mr. Bronaugh, who, for nine months in the year, officiates in the same capacity at Gadsby's in Washington. He is in every respect fit and suitable for this important situation. Gentlemanly in his address, attentive and prompt in the discharge of his duties, he displays not a little of "the ruling passion," (a desire and determination to please and render comfortable, if possible, the most fastidious guest,) so characteristic of every one connected with the establishment. The table, under such a practised eye, is the very pattern of neatness. It is not, to be sure, embellished with the most costly and elegant china, the purest and heaviest silver plate, or the richest cut glass that could be purchased; but every desirable and delicate dish is abundantly, and in the best manner provided. Every thing in the way of arrangement and attention, progresses as quietly, as methodically as in a private family. It is not only apparent that there is "a place for every thing, and every thing in



its place," but there is also a particular, designated seat at table, for every visiter. The name of every boarder, being written on a card, is placed on his or her plate at each meal. Consequently, however great the number of visitors, or however tardy your approach to the dining hall, the seat and plate intended for you are undisturbed. The cards, after meals, are strung on a wire, as they lie, successively, on the table; hence, if you are one of a party, being seated in company on arrival, you remain together till departure. By this excellent arrangement, confusion is prevented, and sociability, ease and comfort are promoted.

Besides the attractions of this place, which I have attempted partially to describe in these communications, the associations connected with the spot are hallowed by the recollection, that some of Virginia's noblest sons were wont to drink at the crystal pool—to inhale the invigorating breeze—to mingle in the scenes—and to admire the landscape of Fauquier. It has occurred to me, as I have walked beneath these shades, and in these pleasant paths, from which the rains and dews have scarcely removed the

imprint of the footsteps of Monroe and Marshall, that it would be an easy matter to erect, on this spot, by the *voluntary subscription of visitors*, a cenotaph to the memory of these illustrious men! The cabins, which they once occupied are still standing on the beautiful lawn bordering the main avenue from the Pavilion to the Spring. The venerable Marshall, it is said, was much benefitted in health by the waters of Fauquier, and repeatedly offered his certificate of the fact, to the proprietor of the establishment. Visitors from the North, the South, the East and the West, would, no doubt, willingly unite in the accomplishment of such an object as this. What could be more appropriate than such a tribute to wisdom, patriotism, and philanthropy: such a memento to mark the spot where those and other kindred virtues were so characteristically personified, as in the lives and conversations of these men? I would not have it inferred, from this suggestion, that Monroe or Marshall ever can be forgotten. Far from it. The storied urn, or animated bust, may never rise on these grounds,

or elsewhere, to the memory of those whose deaths were commemorated by anthem and by eulogy. The recollection, however, of their names, their virtues and their deeds, will be ever sacred, fresh and green in the hearts of their countrymen.

\* \* \* \* \*

There is something altogether *sui generis* in the character and bearing of a true Virginia gentleman. Neat and unostentatious in his appearance, courteous, not fawning, in his address and manners, he seeks not to prepossess himself in your esteem by outward and unmeaning show. There is no cant, no dissimulation or hypocrisy in his character. Frank and ingenuous in the expression of his sentiments, if he give unintentional offence, he is ever desirous to seek immediate forgiveness. Find him where you may—at home, abroad, or in the valley of his own mountains, his *casual* acquaintance may unexpectedly prove to you, in health, the kindest friendship, and in sickness, the most watchful and affectionate sympathy. Virginia! the land that gave birth to Washington, Henry and Marshall! The

land, emphatically, of open hands, open hearts, and open doors ! In which, exalted patriotism, generous hospitality, social intercourse, and the proper appreciation of the rational enjoyments of life are the characterizing traits of a brave, manly, and ingenuous population !

Much error of opinion, prejudice and falsity of doctrine, as I opine, exist unfortunately in the North on the momentous subject of slavery at the South. To understand and properly appreciate the character and effects of the domestic institutions of this part of the country, they must be seen, associated with, and examined ; and when universally and unreservedly seen and understood, the abolition excitement will cease, and will become, at once and forever, extinct, and its highly wrought tales, its imagined evils and horrors, remembered only as stories for children—the mere bugbears of the nursery.

But pardon this digression. After a residence of some days at these Springs, the society and recreations lose, with some visitors, somewhat of their attraction and novelty, and become, to a limited extent, stale and uninvi-

ting. Other scenes and objects, as they give rise to new sensations and fresh trains of thought, are desired and eagerly sought. A walk or ride in the neighbourhood, possessing as it does, scenes of peculiar loveliness and beauty, may afford those who admire whatever in nature partakes of the grand and beautiful the highest degree of satisfaction and delight.

Who, familiar with the topography of Fauquier, does not delight, in the cool quietude of morning, to cross the Rappahannock by the foot-bridge that overhangs its waters? Or, at sunset, when the last beams of day linger on the sky, and a soft, mellow, golden light is thrown over hill and dale, on tree and flower, and all things living and inanimate? Then, with the buoyancy and frolicsomeness of childhood, to roam in the fields and forests near the river, beneath the lofty trees, the bushes and vines, that border upon and beautify its waters!

The Rappahannock, though sometimes impeded in its course by copsewood, winds its way gracefully and quietly to the ocean; now overshadowed by towering oaks, pines, and sycamores, and now presenting its glassy mirror

to the sky. Fertilizing and beautifying as it does its own native valley, occasionally it peeps out upon you from behind some bold and green bank, as modestly and as fascinatingly as one of those lovely Virginian maidens from beneath her flowing veil.

To some the northern bank of the river may be more attractive. Singularly wild, beautiful and enchanting is its scenery.

———The rural walks,

O'er hills, through valleys, and by the river's brink,

are shaded almost continuously, by a thick covert of lofty and spreading trees. At one moment, the path runs meanderingly near the river; anon, it steals away to green pastures and cultivated grounds, or coquettishly leads beneath the shade of melancholy boughs, where the forest trees, waving their tops, and rustling their green leaves, seem, at it were, to invite one to repose on the moss, and odoriferous turf, beneath their clean and far-spreading branches.

Nature has indeed done much, and art but little to render the scenes alluded to truly beautiful. There are views that would capti-

vate the landscape-loving eye of Fisner and Doughty; but they are, nevertheless, to the majority of visitors, and I know not why, almost entirely unknown. When the forests shall be cleared of underbrush, wider and more level paths laid out, and seats erected, Fauquier will offer the visiter such a succession of walks, as will equal, if not rival, those which delight the New Yorker at far-famed Hoboken, the Bostonian at Brookline, or the Philadelphian at Fair Mount. Those who seek this favoured spot from enfeebled health, require, as they find themselves rapidly advancing to convalescence, no great effort of the imagination, to fancy it more lovely and enchanting than the fabled charms of the valley of Rasselas. Renewed as they are in the outward, and possibly in "the inward man," society has for them renewed and increased attractions and delights. And, as they retire from these lovely, and much endeared scenes, "casting many a longing, lingering look behind," to mingle again with their kindred, their thoughts often wander back to the Springs of Fauquier, as to an old and cherished friend.

Hitherto, I have travelled much in Virginia. A few years ago I visited several of the Sulphur Springs in this State, for a painful and lingering affection, which threatened to prove fatal. My health was materially promoted, and soon afterward restored thereby.\* How inexpressibly strong, therefore, is my attachment to the soil on which I now stand ! When my health was feeble, and my step slow and tottering, I have leaned on the arm of a Virginian as on that of a brother. He has visited and comforted me in days of sickness, and given me sweet counsel in moments of trial. I must, therefore, ever respect and honour the sons and daughters of The Old Dominion.

\* The author of this volume has not forgotten, nor can he ever forget, the attention and kindnesses received, when an invalid, from Mr. John Fry, the gentlemanly, and highly popular host, of the Warm Spring establishment, in Bath county, Va. ; from which place, after a residence of four weeks, having been for several months afflicted with chronic rheumatism that had baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians, he had the inexpressible joy of returning home in perfect health, and has not since experienced any symptom of that disease.



## CHAPTER III.

The Springs filling—More visitors—An invitation—Mr. Leigh's Letter—Mr. James's Letter.

WE have, at this present writing, upwards of six hundred visitors at Fauquier! Every carriage and stage-coach comes full of passengers. There are five arrivals at least, to one departure. Not less than three hundred and fifty visitors have arrived within three days! Every stage-coach from Washington to Fauquier is engaged, as I am credibly informed, for the next week. Large parties from the northern cities are expected in addition to those now here from that quarter. Letters, requesting the retention of cabins or rooms, come by every mail. At this rate seats at table will soon command a premium. The company will soon be too numerous for the chairs. A pallet of straw may soon satisfy the belle—a blanket, settee, or even a newspaper, the beau, as a place of repose.

Health and disease, fashion and ungenuity, beauty and ugliness, old maids and maidens, little girls, boys, and stripling youths, fathers and grandmothers, the "lately engaged," and the "newly married," widows and widowers, lawyers, divines, doctors, quack-dentists, writing-masters, artists and horse-jockies, merchants, students, clerks, and fops, are each represented at Fauquier.

The languid eye—the cheek  
Deserted of its bloom,

dyspepsia, gout, consumption, rheumatism, in short, almost every disease and affection enumerated in the long list of human ills, come and drink, one and all, with the same positive and negative hopes and fears of benefit or cure.

Can you not, my dear B——, relinquish pen, ink, and paper, the cares and troubles of business, for a time, and wend your way hither? Take a peep at these premises, eat a dinner of fine mountain mutton, or venison with us—taste our jellies, ice-creams, pastry—walk into the ball-room, move in a cotillion or waltz with

some of the beauties who nightly grace it? Ladies and gentlemen from Alabama, Mississippi, New-York and Georgia, the Carolinas, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts are at present mingling harmoniously in our little community. They “swing corners” in a cotillion as cheerfully as if they were all members of one and the same family.

The dining-hall by day and the ball-room at night are like the abode of social and entertaining converse—of joyous and kindly feeling. Then our morning visits, our *tete-a-tetes* at the cabins, our rides, promenades and serenades are so free, so unrestrained and home-like; and then what a place to make love in! Old bachelors, even, like myself, have lost their hearts at Fauquier; and several pretty maids appear, by the billing and cooing, to be on the very eve of wedlock.

\* \* \* \* \*

It gives me great pleasure to be permitted to copy for publication the following letter, addressed by the Hon. B. Watkins Leigh to Jones Green, Esq. Coming as it does, from

one who is so much respected and beloved in private life; so distinguished in his public career; relating, also, to the cure of a case of dropsy, so confirmed and decided in its character, I need not bespeak for it the especial consideration and benefit of those afflicted with the disease to which it refers.

*Richmond, August 6, 1838.*

DEAR SIR—I have seen a publication in the newspapers, containing a short extract from the letter I wrote you in June last. But the purpose of that letter did not lead me to express, in direct and explicit terms, my opinion of the efficacy of the waters of the Fauquier White Sulphur Springs; in my case it was very manifest.

The symptoms of disease under which I was suffering, were, as you know, dropsical, and very serious and alarming. All my friends here, who saw me shortly before I left home for the springs, and after my return, and all who saw me when I first arrived there, and when I came away, must have been struck

with the great and visible *improvement* of my health, but none could be so sensible of it as I was myself. Change of air and the exercise I took in travelling, might have contributed to the effect ; yet I do not attribute it mainly to either, or to both combined—for at that season of the year (from about the middle of April to the middle of May,) no one can think there is any material difference between the climate of Fauquier and that of Richmond ; and as to exercise, I went in the rail-road car to Fredericksburg, and travelled by land only from thence to the Springs ; and while I was there, the weather was such that I could take but little exercise, and that very irregularly. The weather, indeed, as you will remember, was very unfavourable to me ; it was unusually cold and wet. It is, therefore, to the medicinal virtue of the sulphur water that I attribute my rapid recovery of health ; and I am grateful to the Fauquier Springs, or rather to my friends and to my physicians, who urged me to go to them, for the benefit which I certainly derived from them. My case, however, is only one of

many in which persons afflicted with dropsical diseases have been relieved by the use of those waters.

I remain, with the greatest respect and esteem,

Your friend, and ob't serv't,

B. W. LEIGH.

JONES GREEN, Esq.

And here follow the particulars of a most distressing case of dyspepsia, which was cured (as have been many other cases threatening to be fatal) by the use of the Fauquier sulphur waters. With regard to the author of the letter, it is only necessary to state that he is a *practising physician*, in high repute for his professional knowledge and medical skill—and, wherever known, enjoys an enviable reputation.

I am sure the letter annexed will be read by all who have learned, by sad experience, the varied “ills that flesh is heir to.”

*Warrenton, Fauquier, (Virginia,)*

*August 10, 1838.*

SIR—The statement of the case of my

daughter, which I promised to make, I now send you. You can give it publicity if you think proper. Her recovery was so unexpected and rapid, that many of the visitors at the Springs who witnessed it, requested me, during the season, to publish the case. This I fully intended to do, but from time to time have neglected it.

Elizabeth James, twelve years old, of a cheerful temper and active habit, at school in the country, (having previously enjoyed good health,) was, in the summer of 1834, attacked with symptoms of dyspepsia. For some months the disease made but little progress, and I flattered myself that at her age, a good constitution, with the usual palliatives, would soon restore her to health. But by the close of autumn, I was satisfied my hopes were unfounded, and that the disease was making fearful progress. Flatulence, oppression, and pain in the stomach, were always present after eating. Emaciation and depression of spirits, keeping pace with the other symptoms. In the course of the winter several physicians were consulted. Carminatives, opiates, anti-spasmodics, anti-

acids, (recommended for a most distressing symptom in her case, viz : a violent pain in the stomach immediately after taking any food, either solid or fluid,) were all tried, without relief. By the spring her emaciation was such that I could dandle with her like a child. Nothing could now be taken into the stomach, without producing, for a time, great agony. A glass of water, a cup of tea, or even a small pill were equally certain to produce this effect. Her suffering, indeed, became so extreme, that she determined to *starve herself to death*, and refused, for several days, both food and water. I determined to sustain her, if possible, with nourishing enema ; it was tried with good effect. She was strengthened. The unexpected effect of the enema excited hope anew. She again took a little food, made tolerable only by large doses of tincture of valerian, sweet oil and paregoric. In this state she was taken to the Warrenton, or Fauquier White Sulphur Springs, long to be remembered by all who saw her, on her arrival, and, also, a few weeks afterwards. Her convalescence



was immediate and rapid. In a few weeks she returned home, free from disease, and continues in the enjoyment of excellent health.

Respectfully yours,

ALDRIDGE JAMES.

JONES GREEN, Esq.

## CHAPTER IV.

The regimen at Fauquier—Another case.

DEAR B.—, a strong and inexpressible desire that these superior sulphur waters may be more universally known in New England, is my apology for addressing to you these letters.

The Sulphur Springs are in *Fauquier county*, and are two hundred miles nearer Washington City than those in *Greenbriar*.

Invalids, unfortunately, are prone to delay till the eleventh hour, their departure from home, for the recovery of health. They are unwilling to admit the correctness of the confession of the physician, that medical skill can be no longer of any avail. As a drowning man will cling to a straw for support, so they hope against hope. The idea is to them unwelcome and painful, of bidding adieu, perhaps forever, to scenes and objects familiar and dear! Of exchanging, probably, the last fond farewell

with those who, from the helplessness of infancy, have affectionately cherished and nurtured them ! Then the agonizing thought of, probably, closing their eyes, forever, amidst unfamiliar objects and strange faces ! Of dying in the loneliness of that place, wherever it be, far from kindred and friends ! Of a lonely grave, without tomb-stone or epitaph, in some secluded and soon forgotten spot, where the fond step of affection may never come—the gushing tear of regret and sorrow never be shed !

Some individuals, having heard of rapid and wonderful cures effected by medicinal waters, appear to indulge the expectation of a miracle in their own case ; as if a disease which for months, perhaps years, was gradually gaining a stronger hold in their system, is to be cured, and entirely eradicated in a specified number of days or weeks !

Our friend L——, a merchant, is afflicted with rheumatism or dyspepsia. Perceiving no benefit from the prescriptions of his physicians, he visits the springs. He thinks to find relief by drinking a quart of the water, if possible, on the first day of his arrival—a gallon on the

second, and so on. The inevitable result of such intemperance is a sensation of giddiness, accompanied by a fulness of the head. During the day, perhaps, he may drink half a bottle of wine "for the stomach's sake !" He eats of every dish at table for which he has a desire, and wonders, from day to day, that the curative qualities of sulphur water do not more rapidly exhibit themselves. He is apt to think that the cases of disease said to have been cured by them, may not have occurred,—that they may only be "mere stories, got up for effect"—quackery, humbug ; entertains fears that his business will suffer from his absence, and feels anxious to see his family and home. As there are no daily calls on him, as when at home, for his judgment and decision on business transactions, a strange vacuity exists in his mind—an unaccountable uneasiness—a fish-out-of-water sort of feeling. Presently he receives a letter from his partner in business. It informs him that the fall business has commenced a month earlier than usual ; that the Southern and Western merchants are continually arriving ; that the hotels are fast filling up ; that

business is quite brisk and “driving.” In the mean time, he doubts the efficacy of sulphur water in his case, and wishes himself any where but at Fauquier. On the next morning he hurriedly eats his breakfast, pays his bill with a snarl, tumbles his clothes into his trunk, and off he goes, by the most rapid conveyance, homeward, wondering the while, as wonder he may, that having passed a fortnight at Fauquier, and given the waters *such* a trial, he is neither relieved nor cured!

His neighbour, M.—, however, having a similar affection with himself, visits the same place, with the determination *to make health his object and business*. Unlike his friend L.—, he exhibits, on the first day of arrival, his prudence, by drinking only three or four glasses of water; gradually increasing the quantity, however, to twelve or fifteen glasses per day. If he be troubled with a giddiness or fulness at the head, one or two spoonfulls of common salt are added to the water. He attends strictly to his diet; cautiously avoids juleps, and other drinks, and politely declines (if for no other reason, for fear of coun-

teracting the beneficial effects of the water) to take wine at table, or elsewhere. Nor does he drink the sulphur water, except to quench thirst, in the middle of the day ; it is his practice to drink, in bed, two or three glasses, brought by the servant soon after daylight, when he enjoys a refreshing and delightful slumber of one or two hours. His morning and evening meal consists of black tea, bread and butter. After breakfast he walks, if he can, to the spring ; drinks, in the course of half an hour or so, four or five glasses of water ; takes moderate exercise—walks—rides—plays at quoits, or makes one in “a match game” among the highly respectable company that frequent the ten-pin alley. At noon, on clear and warm days, he takes a sulphur bath, at one hundred degrees—returns, soon afterward, to his cabin, and takes “a nap.” At dinner he confines himself to boiled rice, tomatoes, and other vegetables—a delicate slice of roasted mutton or beef ; observing this rule, however, not to drink wine, nor to eat pastry, puddings, or dessert of any kind, fruit only excepted. At about sundown he drinks three or four

glasses of water, avoids exposure to the evening air; and thus, day after day, he continues to do. Now come letters from home by every mail; but, be their tenor what it may, they do not change his purpose; he adheres to his resolution, *to make health his object and business*. The second month of his residence at the springs has now passed—the third—and he is still at Fauquier! He has gained thirty pounds in weight since his arrival! The rheumatic pains have quite left him. He can walk, ride, play at ten-pins and quoits; laugh as loud, as long, and as heartily, and tell as good a story, and with as much *naivete* as the most healthy visiter. Now come the sundering of fond ties; the bidding adieu to the beautiful valley of Fauquier; leave-takings with the kind friends, the noble hearts who cluster around the stage-coach. His heart flutters as he whirls along towards the well-known street—the familiar door of his own happy home. Imagine the scene within, as those who fondly meet him discover, in the sparkling eye and healthful countenance of a husband, son, or brother,

those of one restored, as it were, from death to life !

Annexed you have the particulars (furnished me by a highly respectable gentleman, of Newport, R. I.) of another of the many cases cured by a proper attention to diet, and the use of the waters of the Fauquier Sulphur Springs.

“ Mrs. S.—, of Newport, R. I., after a residence of several years in warm climates, had repeated attacks of liver complaint, which had previously yielded to medicine. In the spring and summer of 1837, after three months’ attendance by an eminent physician, and the application of the most powerful remedies, all further medical treatment was pronounced to be useless and hopeless. She was advised to travel and to use mineral waters, as the only remaining hope of cure ; accordingly she visited, but with great difficulty, from protracted illness and consequent debility, the Fauquier Sulphur Springs, in August last ; and from a visit of ten days only, was so much improved in health as to return home. Her appetite had returned—she regained her flesh and



strength, and enjoyed good health till the opening of the last spring. The disease then returned, and for three months she was under the constant care and attention of her physician. Being as much prostrated as before, she was considered beyond the reach of medicine. The tone of her stomach was destroyed, and her appetite entirely gone—having subsisted on a cracker per day, for weeks. She revisited the springs toward the last of July, her nervous system much affected, and her countenance the colour of saffron. On her visit last year, the effect of the water was immediately beneficial—the biliary organs were at once restored; on the third day her appetite returned, and her digestive powers were much strengthened. On the present visit, ten days elapsed before the usual vomiting ceased. Then the system seemed restored. From that period to the time of this present writing—say for three weeks—she has improved daily; has regained her flesh, spirits and energy, and is quite restored to health. It is proper to remark, that her physician and friends recommended, on her first visit, a longer trial of the waters; and an

eminent physician, now a visiter here, thinks that had her first visit been a month, she would have had no return of her complaint.

*Fauquier Sulphur Springs, Aug. 27, 1838."*

## CHAPTER V.

Abolitionism at the North.—Slavery at the South.

THE discussion of abolition, as it has been discussed, in the North—the sending out of agents and emissaries—the distribution of incendiary newspapers, tracts and publications, by abolition societies, created, for a time, in the South, as such practices might be expected to create, no small degree of excitement and alarm. The effect of such movements if carried out would be to jeopard not only the property, but the happiness and lives of thousands. Immediate abolition would be but a ruthless, heartless invasion on the peace, good order, prosperity and happiness of our Southern neighbours.

When, in 1835, I first travelled in Virginia, I expected to find, judging from statements heard at abolition meetings in the North, every other slave in chains. I entertained a belief that the slave was a miserably poor, ragged,

half-starved, disconsolate, thievish, lacerated, broken down creature ; and that although the foxes have holes—the birds of the air nests—he had not always a place whereon to lay his head. But there are two sides to every picture ; and so I found in the present case.

On every plantation I visited in Virginia are neat and comfortable wooden or brick cabins, as they are called, placed at a convenient distance from the dwelling of the proprietor, for the especial use and accommodation of his slaves. Each cabin has windows and a fireplace and is provided with cooking utensils and beds ; there the slaves eat, drink and sleep. Much to my surprise and delight, I have invariably found the coloured slave population of the South well clothed and fed, and comfortably housed. When, as I first passed them at labour in the fields, I heard their songs of merriment—or the story being told, in which at its conclusion, all joined in a loud, happy, and hearty laugh—or, at evening, as I witnessed near their cabins, their gambols and dances, accompanied by the shrill violin, or the jingling tambourin, I questioned myself, are these *slaves*?

Are these the slaves, or any portion of them, whose condition has been represented by some in the North as being so deplorable, so utterly wretched? Sincerely did I congratulate myself that, when under the influence of some abolition lecture or address, abounding with expressive and saddening epithets, such as "savage cruelty," "prisons," "starvations," "stripes and chains," I had not joined those who thus endeavoured to enlist the sympathy and consequent co-operation of an audience.

To my mind, as to that, probably, of every American citizen, there is something revolting in the term—slavery. It implies a feature, in principle, somewhat, perhaps materially, at variance with the character and principles of our institutions. But, having seen the reality, the name by which it is distinguished loses that peculiar repugnant signification once associated with it.

I have long thought, and hesitate not to express the opinion, that there is more equality, good and kindly feeling, existing in the South between master and slave, or the whites and

blacks, than between the master and his hired white servant, in the North.

I well recollect that, on arriving at the Sweet Springs, in this State, in 1835, three gentlemen, two besides myself, were obliged, from the great number of visiters, to occupy the same cabin. One of the gentlemen, a physician from Alabama, whose name I have forgotten, finding it difficult to obtain a bed for his slave, requested him to make one on the floor between his master's and my own. He did so ; using large and comfortable travelling cushions and buffalo skins, elegantly lined, the property of his master, for the purpose. And in the North, do we ever hear, or know of a similar instance of kindness and regard from a gentleman travelling, towards a *white* servant ?

In the churches which I visited while in Richmond, I noticed that the entire gallery on the left of the pulpit, was appropriated for blacks—the opposite gallery being occupied by whites. In our northern places of worship, “the sky parlours”—seats near the ceiling—

above and behind the organ are for free negroes.

In the South, one may travel in the stage and be seated day after day by the side of a slave. I have repeatedly seen the back seat in a stage coach occupied by ladies and their female slaves in attendance. Do we ever witness such manifestations of friendship and regard in the North? The free negro there, on the contrary, so far from ever occupying an inside seat, is fortunate if he can obtain a foothold on the top.

Seated at my window and noticing the arrival and departure of visitors, I daily witness scenes that would convince, methinks, an abolitionist, not too much engulfed in fanaticism, of his error in judgment in some particulars. It is peculiarly gratifying to a Northern man, (especially if when at home, he has occasionally attended an abolition meeting,) to notice the free and familiar manner with which the coloured "boys" (slaves) shake hands with and make enquiries of any gentleman of their acquaintance, on arriving here :—to observe the readiness—the entire willingness with which such familiarities

are permitted, and such questions answered. To notice, also, the civility and attentiveness, the deportment, generally so unexceptionable and praiseworthy, of one hundred and fifty slaves, more or less, male and female, in attendance, and that many of the private servants have constantly in possession the keys of their master's or mistress's trunks, containing their money as well as their wardrobe ! When I first heard a Southern gentleman excuse himself for not having more money about his person, by saying that his "boy Tom," (a slave,) whom he could not then find, had *his funds in charge*, the apology sounded strange to the ears of a New Englander.

I do not deny that there are instances of neglect, abuse, nay of severity, perhaps, in the South, on the part of the master toward his domestics. But such instances, I believe, are rare. And he who is known to exercise inhumanity in this particular, has the same opprobrious and unpopular epithets affixed to his name, which would be attached in any civilized community, to that of a father known to maltreat his children. There may be cases when a



slave will be severely castigated—when he is seen with a chain or drag affixed to the ankle ; but this happens in cases only, I believe, in which a refractory and rebellious spirit has been manifested, or a crime committed, which, in the North, would commit him to the penitentiary.

From what I have seen of the slaves of the South, I think their situation enviable, compared with that of hundreds, I may say thousands, of the white population of the Northern Atlantic cities. I can testify to their morals ; to their honesty, probity, temperance. I have repeatedly lodged in large taverns in the South, in which there were a dozen or more slaves, and not a lock or button on any chamber door ! I believe the slaves to be generally temperate, not having seen one intoxicated

We know but little, I fear, in the North, unless from actual personal experience, of Southern hospitality and the true state of Southern domestic institutions. It is I think, a mistaken opinion, if it prevail in the North, and I fear it does to some extent, that the citizens of the South entertain in any great degree,

strong and bitter prejudices, dislikes and jealousies towards their Northern brethren. Such feelings, doubtless, have existed, but the causes which have unhappily engendered them are fast dying away.

## CHAPTER VI.

Still more new comers—The scenes around Fauquier—  
Speculations—Another Certificate.

THE accomodations for visiters at this watering place, though hitherto considered abundantly ample and extensive, will be found, no doubt, in the course of a few days, entirely too limited for the reception of the company that will arrive. The manager has relinquished his private apartments, and the ladies' drawing-room is filled with cots for the convenience of visiters.—Elegant private establishments, parties of gentlemen on horseback, and extra stages, are continually arriving. The number of visiters at this time exceeds five hundred. There were ninety-seven arrivals yesterday, and about one hundred and fifty on the two previous days. The Saloons and Halls, the Piazza, the public walks and rides, alike resound with the interesting hum and buzz of an intelligent, agreeable and fashionable com-

pany. Meanwhile, every thing progresses quietly and methodically. The business arrangements of the place are admirable. Order and neatness are the standing immutable laws, and their enforcement is exhibited in every particular. The neatness and excellence of the table, the superiority of the culinary department, alike attract the notice and receive the commendation of every visiter. A disposition on the part of every individual, to contribute to the general happiness, is manifested by a general participation and enjoyment of the recreations and pleasures of the place. Thanks to the gentlemen connected with the establishment, we are all contented and happy.

The ladies, dear creatures ! now at Fauquier, are distinguished and admired for their intelligence, modesty, gentility and beauty. Besides Virginia's most choice and beautiful flowers,—the rarest gems of beauty, from the counties of Henrico, Albemarle, Spottsylvania, Lancaster, Fauquier, and others, are here ; also, pretty misses, beautiful, fascinating, blooming girls, from the cities of New York,

Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, together with the fair and lovely, the gay and interesting daughters of Carolina, Georgia, Mississippi, and Alabama. Those who desire greater attractions, more intelligence, beauty and moral worth, combined in any one company, must be allowed to seek them where they may. The Saloons for dancing, the most spacious and elegant in Virginia, are nightly crowded. The sweet voices of the fair,—the grace, ease, and fascinating manners of belles and beaux—with the rich and harmonious sounds of a Military Band, give, when seen and heard, unitedly, an irresistible charm and effect, to the mazes of the fashionable cotillion and waltz.

There are few scenes upon which I have gazed with so much delight and rapture, as that presented occasionally, at sunset, from the top of the Pavilion. Art indeed, has done but little for the enhancement of the prospect, but there Nature unfolds her beauties to the spectator, in many of her most fascinating and lovely forms. The undulating surface of the country—the pleasing alternation of hill and

dale—with here and there a cleared and cultivated spot, dotted with a neat habitation—the rich and varied combination of pasture and woodland, perhaps I should say forests, extending for miles, hoary with the moss of centuries, and pasture sufficient “for the cattle on an hundred hills.” And then, the long and majestic line of the Blue Ridge mountains, bounding the western prospect—their conical, and pyramidal shapes, assuming a deeper and deeper azure tint as evening approaches. The clouds, too, that linger in the horizon, or that hang in the zenith, arrayed in the most gorgeous and transparent colouring, with, occasionally, a speck of pure cerulean sky, peeping out, in beautiful relief, from a canopy where purple, orange, crimson and golden tints are so sweetly and wonderfully intermingled. How rapturous would have been the sensations of Claude, or Poussin, who painted as if their pencils were dipped in the rainbow, at seeing some of these autumnal sunsets !

If, perchance, you are in a poetical or philosophical mood, what a field is here presented for the indulgence of the profoundest thought,

or the most lightsome flights of fancy ! To think that the waves of the Atlantic, now two hundred miles, distant, have dashed in all their fury, on the sides of yon mountains ! And that, if the ocean has gradually receded to its present boundary, or been transferred more speedily by some wonderful convulsion of Nature, the subject is one equally curious and interesting to the inquiring mind. And then to believe, as we have many cogent reasons for believing, that, as the mighty waters have filled these vallies and covered these hill tops, so huge leviathans and monsters of the deep have perhaps sported, where now may be seen beautiful meadows or cultivated farms !

It gives me pleasure to insert the following additional testimony to the salubrity and medical efficacy of these waters, elicited, I am happy to say, by the first publication of these letters, in 1838.

*Pittsfield, Mass., March 12, 1839.*

DEAR SIR.—Your favour of the 7th instant is received, and in reply to your inquiries in

relation to the benefit experienced by me, from my visit to the Fauquier White Sulphur Springs, I would say, that the effect of the waters have greatly improved my health. A highly esteemed friend and eminent physician, Doctor Bartlett, of Lowell, first directed my attention to a series of letters, published in the Boston Courier, giving an account of the Fauquier Springs, in consequence of which, I visited them with my family, in the latter part of September last, and remained there until the early part of November. During my visit at the Springs, I drank freely of the water, almost daily. Having been afflicted with severe dyspepsia for a number of years, I could not hope in the short space of four or five weeks by the use of any mineral water, or other medicine, to regain my health, and I cannot say that my strength was much increased while *at the Springs*. The effect of the use of the waters upon my system, I have no doubt, was highly beneficial, and my health and strength have gradually been improving since I came from Virginia.

The effect of the use of the waters upon the



health of Mrs. Hall who accompanied me, was more immediate and decided. Her health had been very delicate for ten years or more. She had visited many watering places, and travelled for the benefit of her health, and with but little advantage. Within three weeks from our arrival at the Fauquier Springs, Mrs. Hall's health began to improve, her appetite increased, and she returned from the South quite well; and she has continued through the winter in better health, than she has enjoyed for ten or twelve years.

Such is my confidence in these Sulphur waters, that I intend to visit them in the early part of the coming season.

I am respectfully yours, &c.

PARKER L. HALL.

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## APPENDIX.

The following facts, with regard to "The Fauquier Springs," at Warrenton, Va., have been kindly furnished the editor of this little volume by one of the directors.—

The Fauquier White Sulphur Springs are owned by a company of individuals, chartered by the Commonwealth of Virginia, entitled the F. W. S. S. Company ; the officers and agents of which are at present as follows.

Isham Keith,            *President.*

John Baker, Robert E. Scott, Erasmus Helm, Robert E. Lee, Thomas Green, William McCoy,	}	<i>Directors.</i>
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Daniel Ward,            *Superintendent.*

John T. Bronaugh,      *Manager of the  
Dining Room.*

Thomas Marshall Graham, *Manager of  
the Lodging Department.*

Many improvements, in addition to those of the two last years, which have been numerous and important, are in rapid progress, and the visitors, this season, will find them very far advanced. Among these, may be particularly mentioned the erection of elegant and commodious bathing establishments, complete in all their arrangements, and to be constantly supplied with the Sulphur Spring water, of any desired temperature. The architecture of this building is to be Gothic, and will form an additional ornament to the Springs.











